

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., JANUARY 19, 1928.

News of the Mill Villages

LANETT, ALA.

Chattahoochee Valley Teams Do Battle With LaGrange "Y."

Lanett, Ala., basketball players administered a dose of bitter medicine to the "Y" team of LaGrange, at LaGrange, last Tuesday evening, making a score of 30 to 27.

Line-up:

Lanett, 30	Y. M. C. A., 27
Bozeman, f.	M. Lester
Lewis, f.	Higgenbotham
Bennefield, c.	Copeland
Ling, g.	Spence
Leverett, g.	Simpson

Substitutions for Lanett: Brewster, guard.

Substitutions for Y. M. C. A.: Howard Lester, guard; Adams, guard and forward.

Referee: Johnson.

Shawmut Gets Liked.

Shawmut, Ala., team recently was defeated by the LaGrange, Ga., "Y" team, which won by a score of 48 to 17.

Line-up:

Shawmut, 17	Y. M. C. A., 48
Johnson, f.	Higgenbotham, f.
Whitaker, f.	M. Lester, f.
Tham, c.	Copeland, c.
Johnson, g.	Simpson, g.
Shanks, g.	Spence, g.

Substitutions for Shawmut: Smith, forward, 7 points; Lane, guard.

Substitutions for Y. M. C. A.: Adams, forward, 12 points; Howard Lester, guard; Mitchell, forward; Sellers, forward, 8 points.

Fairfax Next.

Fairfax, Ala., will journey to LaGrange (Ga.) Saturday night and try to give them another dose of defeat. Fairfax has the reputation of being unbeatable, and LaGrange team may well be a bit uneasy.

KERSHAW, S. C.

Kershaw Cotton Mills.

Mr. M. A. Crolley and Mr. L. F. Adams visited Darlington, S. C., Wednesday.

Mr. A. B. Adams and D. N. Thomas, of Fort Mill, S. C., were visitors here last week. Mr. Adams and Mr. Thomas were some of our old hand boys.

There was a good deal of damage done to our water lines, cars and other things during the cold snap. The papers said it was lower temperature than has been in fifty years. Anyway, it would almost bite your nose and ears off.

Mrs. B. C. Baker has returned home after spending the holidays with her people at Denmark, S. C.

Mr. Baker, our superintendent, is changing the looks of the place around here; he is having the trees trimmed up high and trimming around the pond, makes it look lots better; has also had the ground turned under with a two-horse plow, and it harrowed and leveled, and it looks good.

Mr. W. A. Elliott visited Columbia, S. C., Tuesday on business.

Mr. E. L. Crenshaw spent last week-end at his home in Heath Springs, S. C.

The ball club had a box supper here last Saturday night for the benefit of the club. Our ball club is figuring on having a big season this year.

The night school is progressing since Christmas. They have started an English class now and have a good number of pupils taking this course. Mr. T. E. Lattimore and Mr. M. G. Patton are taking great interest in this work.

Mr. L. A. Faile and family have moved back here from Fort Mill, S. C., where he will begin work Monday in the weave room.

A READER.

LAUREL HILL, N. C.

Springfield Plant — Morgan Cotton Mills—The New Story Greatly Enjoyed.

During the recent cold weather our waterworks froze and the plumbers were truly kept busy. Granny Wiggs said she liked bathing but not in such cold weather.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight has started off fine, and we are expecting it to be our most prosperous.

"Aunt Becky," the new story is just WONDERFUL; every chapter gets better and better; the spinners sure do work to get their ends up on Friday afternoons so they can read that story. I was never interested in reading until I began your stories and now I can't get enough to read.

L. L. Coleutt and family have moved to Lakeview Cotton Mill, at LaFayette, much to the regret of their many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Cook announce the birth of a son, Jack Leroy, January 3rd. Mr. Robert Cook sure does hold a high head now, for this is his only grandson.

The Sewing Club has received invitations to the marriage of Miss Ollie Hogan, who has been stenographer for Morgan Cotton Mills for a number of years, and is loved by us all. The club is planning to give her a handkerchief shower.

Mr. Bert Scott and family and Mrs. A. G. Edwards moved to Millen, Ga., last week.

Mr. Henry Carlisle has resigned as section man in spinning room and Mr. Earl Hornaday has accepted that position and will make good on the job.

Miss Evelyn Kelly gave a "lucky" party last Saturday night that was greatly enjoyed. Miss Edna Martin won the prize for being the most "lucky."

Miss Kate Quick will entertain with a fruit supper next Saturday night.

Messrs. Felton and McCollum have returned to Millen, Ga., and expect to move their families soon—that is, if Mrs. Felton and Mrs. McCollum don't make the trip on foot; it's all we can do to keep them, and if you have any extra ropes better send them down.

Mr. and Mrs. John Salmon visited relatives in Wadesboro last Sunday.

Let's have more news from Waxhaw.
LOUISE HELMS.

Becky Ann's Own Page

A DAILY RESOLUTION

Make this resolution every morning: I will play the life game today as I have never played it before. I will play it with more energy, more determination, I will play it with firmer decision, with better judgment. But while I will try not to make so many mistakes, I will not be so cautious as to not act at all, for I know that he who hesitates in irresolution, or wavers, is lost. I am going to make myself felt today as never before. I am going to fling my life into my work with all the energy I can muster. I am resolved not to grope along in a piecemeal way any more. I am going to put some more dare into my efforts. I am going to take more chances because I know that people with vigorous initiative can afford to make more mistakes than the hesitators, the waverers, the balancers. I am going to make this day count as no previous day of my life has counted.

—Inspiration.

"THE SETTING HEN" BETTER OFF THAN THE "ROLLING STONE"

(By M. D. Blackburn, Selma, N. C.)
Dear Aunt Becky:

You know mill people are a peculiar people, not especially "zealous of good works" as God desires, but still they are peculiar.

There is one very noticeable peculiarity they possess; that is their propensity to move. It doesn't matter how well situated they may be, (that is as far as others can see) when this desire for new pastures seizes them, they move. It is one of the many things we can't understand, but we know it is a fact.

Two families moved from our village last week; one to Fayetteville and one to Roanoke Rapids. One had been living here some five years and the other only a few months; so you see the time and conditions of their tenure doesn't make any difference; when the time comes to move they are going. There are none of us who are immune to this habit, but there are some who are more reluctant to leave our haunts of abode for new and untried "palaces" which so often prove to be only "castles in the air."

The quotations: "the rolling stone gathers no moss" and "the setting hen never gets fat" have often been used to contrast the two characters, and in connection with them we might add, that the setting hen stands a chance of recuperation after she hatches her eggs, and weans her brood. If she is the hen she ought to be she can retain her lost energy and vitality right in her own backyard after the setting and

scratching days are over; but if she were to run off and leave her eggs unhatched or her brood not properly cared for, she would show a mean disposition for a mother hen, and worst of all, she would be away from home, and would probably have to wire some of her barn-yard associates for money to get back on.

This is only given as a representation of what is often the case with those who would not be content with fair conditions.

If cooperation in it's real meaning of life that it holds for us; but we should also consider well the things we are leaving, and especially the environments that are ours. Our employers can always get along without us; true, they will miss us; but we are apt to miss them more.

If corporation in it's real meaning could be made the watch-word of every employer and employee it would mean more to the individual and to the communities than any idea that any one word suggests.

If we could only realize that each of us is absolutely dependent on the other, and that one can not long exist without the other, we might better understand each other; and this might enable us to put forth a stronger and more united effort to make better the conditions around us instead of seeking a place where conditions have been made better by more ardent zeal on the part of others. It is the privilege of every village to make their village more inviting than their neighbor village, and it is also the privilege of the management of every mill and village to make better the working and living conditions in their plant than are to be found in a plant in another town. If the earnest, ardent efforts of help and management were blended in a determination to succeed, there would be less discord and unrest.

Well I haven't given any news yet, in fact there is not much to give. Everything is moving nicely as we are entering into the new year.

We might boast, as did one writer in the "Home Section of the Bulletin" that our overseers are all still here and entering into their duties with the new year.

They too, have been here for periods of from seven to fifteen years and all seem to be perfectly satisfied.

In fact, Selma is a "plum good" place where there is no better and it is five miles to Smithfield; and, when you get there—Well??? We are all satisfied with Selma.

Another bank bursted in Selma last week but that is so common here we hardly consider it news. If we had any more banks we would have more bursts, but they are all

bursted now. (We didn't have but two anyhow.)

With best wishes to you and all your correspondents,

M. D. BLACKBURN.

SIT CLOSE—PLEASE

Did you ever see a table just the right size or six, be made to serve ten people? How closely they sit, yet enjoying the meal more because all sit down together and no one has to wait!

Well, we are up against the same proposition with our **Home Section** and are so pleased. We have just lots of correspondents and more coming in all the time, and there will be a cosy corner and a seat for every one,—though we may at times have to leave out a few lines not so important, to make room. But no one will object to that.

Really it is surprising how much news can be packed in a little space if we take time to assemble it properly. While our **Home Section** is small, it is all reading matter, except one little book advertisement, and a recent issue contained 15 live news letters and around 300 personals.

We are pleased to note that the new story is attracting great interest. Everybody keep writing the news, please.—Aunt Becky.

SILK? MAYBE! BETTER BUY COTTON

It do 'pear like that man, Mr. Scientific Research, is a goin' to help the farmers git a good joke on the "hi-brows" that turn up their noses at cotton goods. Beats anything I ever hearn, an' shore tickled me good.

The pore farmer wuz plum discouraged with his cotton crap; the cotton buyers wuz mighty indifferent about buyin' an' the price offered didn't pay the guanner bill an' fur pickin'.

"What use is cotton anyhow when peepil all crave silk? Wimmin don't ware cotton clothes no more—an' not much of any kind," sed the merchant. "Now if you'd get some silk worms an' raise silk, we could talk bizness."

The farmer owed the merchant a big bill, an' had expected as good a price accordin', for his cotton, as he had paid the merchant fur supplies. But nothin' doin'—'ceptin' jest at the merchants own figgers—as usual.

Then Mr. Scientific Research cum along an' slapped the farmer on the back:

"Cheer up Bo!" sez he. "You don't need no silk worms; just let me have all your cornstalks an' the wood

from that field you bin wantin' to clearup, an' I'll make 'em up into "silk" of the finest kind for your Mr. Merchant. Yes Sir-ee; dress-silk an' silk hosiery. An' when the 'hibrows' come around all dressed up in these fine duds, an' feel sorry for you in your cotton over-alls,—Well,—if I were you, I believe I'd turn the tables by tellin' 'em that their finery wuz made of plain corn stalks an' stovewood,—by gosh!"

"But you are jokin'—gasped the farmer. "You don't mean it."

"Don't I?—Got a few tons of corn-talks you'll let me have?"

"No—But let me hear from you next year."

GET READY FOR A GARDEN AND FLOWERS

Too many people wait too late to plan things, and then go off half-cocked at the last moment and accomplish nothing worth while.

"Be Prepared"—The Scout motto—is an all around good slogan for anyone to adopt. The preparation of soil, the planning of walks, beds and borders—can't be done too soon. One needs to give time and thought to the selection of seeds for either the garden or yard, and reliable seed houses are glad to send their catalogs free for the asking.

We expect to take a lot of pictures the coming summer of gardens and flower yards in mill villages to be reproduced in our publications.

The HOME SECTION is interested in the home life of mill people, and Mr. Clark hopes through this publication to encourage and assist in every venture that means thrift, health and beauty such as only well cared-for premises, good gardens and lovely flowers can produce. MAKE YOUR PART OF THE MILL VILLAGE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN IT.

THE LABORING MAN

As we travel along life's highway.

We meet a certain class on sea and land;

Keepers of earth, one might say,—

This class that's called the laboring man.

Among these who have made America great,

That have overcome mountain and reclaimed land

By honest toil both early and late,—

None have surpassed the laboring man.

His shoulders are broad his face is strong,

His eyes are level and respect can demand;

In times of stress he looms above the throng—

This stalwart figure, the laboring man.

Whether struggling under fierce furnace heat,

Or in the quiet of those tilling the land

He's the fellow who won't admit defeat.

This courageous specimen, the laboring man.

Mother earth has coal for heat and power,

In caverns by gas made "no-mans-land;"

This to mankind in the way of a dower

Is secured by the strength of the laboring man.

As the locomotive dashes along its road of steel,

Thro' mountain fastness and desert sand;

Youth and old age no danger feel,

For at the throttle is the laboring man.

As ocean liner meets lashing wave,

Tho' tossed about and far from land;—

Those aboard believe there's one can save,

It's the calm, cool-headed laboring man.

On somber field and blood stained sea,

Where men have died to save our land.

Where strength and courage alone could be,

There was many a laboring man.

When tired body comes to its final rest,

After obeying one and all of life's demands

The last to serve what of earth is left,

Is the kind hearted laboring man.

At eternity's call on that final great day,

When the grim reaper has played his last hand

In the halo of heaven's glorified rays,

There will be the name of the laboring man.

—W. W. CRAVEN, M.D.,

Charlotte, N. C.

RUBBERIZED BLANKETS

When children go camping with their folks in the South this winter they will like the rubberized blankets that are used. These are another interesting product of the research chemist's laboratory. These blankets, which are about 54 by 72 inches are rubberized on both sides. They can be used to protect "outside" luggage on the car from the weather and they are adaptable to all kinds of usage which camping and gypsying may demand, such as a tent roof, an "underneath" rug for the auto

mechanic, a raincoat, an apron, or a dinner spread.

Dolls

Among the non-breakable dolls the kind made to imitate leather—such as Fabrikoid, has wide popularity. These dolls show a lot of life—they sparkle and have lustre. Besides they are non-staining and cleanable—just the right thing—for nowadays.

WESTMINSTER, S. C.

Good Resolutions—Beautifying the Village—Christmas Giving — Man Killed in Auto Accident.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We have made a good resolution for the year 1928, and that is to send you our mill news. (That IS a good resolution.—Aunt Becky.) We of the Oconee Mills would be thrilled to have you pay us a visit.

Our houses have just been treated to a new coat of paint; the mill is now getting painted, and some remodeling is being done. Some new car sheds have been built, and some new houses are planned. Extra rooms have been added to some of the houses. These improvements are under the direction of our good superintendent, Mr. Newton Hardie, and the secretary and treasurer, Mr. J. M. Brunner. Our motto is "Watch Oconee Mill Village Bloom."

The mill runs full time day and night, with plenty of help. G. L. Sorrels is carder; Mr. —, Dickson, spinner; Jack Welborn, weaver; E. B. Powell, overseer cloth room; C. E. Willis, overseer weaving at night.

The Christmas spirit was very much in evidence here. The overseers presented Superintendent Hardie a nice pair of golf knickers, which we understand he tried "out" last Saturday.

The help gave presents to their overseers: Mr. Jack Welborn, a hat; Mr. Lee Hair, a Masonic pin; Mr. C. E. Willis, a fountain pen and knife; Mr. E. B. Powell, a driver-golf-stick, which he has already found useful.

The company gave the foremen a big banquet Christmas eve night, and attention was at once focussed on a little box by each plate containing a \$20 gold piece, a delightful surprise-present.

Mr. Tillman Suttles, of the night line, was suddenly killed in an auto accident Christmas eve night, and Mr. Fleming Long lost an ear in the same accident but is recovering. A Mr. Duncan escaped unhurt.

Mrs. Daisy Dickson, wife of Mr. Hayden Dickson, returned from E. M. B. M. hospital Wednesday, after an operation December 19th. She had been in the hospital since November 20th. Her friends wish for her a complete recovery.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Melton, a son.

Mr. Melvin Garrison, of the Judson Mill, Greenville, has been visiting his father, Mr. C. O. Garrison, and family.

Mr. Jack Welborn and children, James, Fred and Mary, went to Greenville Saturday to do some shopping.

Mr. Vascoe Julian, brother of Misses Leola and Tressie Julian, was home for the holidays.

Mr. Willie Smalley, recently of Greenville, has come back to his old friends nad Westminster.

The new story in HOME SECTION has started off fine. Hope it will be as good as "Driven From Home."

Come to see us sometime, Aunt Becky.

MISS M. L. D.

UNIONTOWN, ALA.

The New Year has arrived with lots of "good resolutions," and everybody is back at work and looking happy.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller and son, G. W., Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nance and daughter, Josephine, Mr. Jim Tanner, of Meridian, Miss., and Mr. Marvin Nance, of New York, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Osmer for New Year's dinner. If we should get such good eats all the year, we are wondering what we'd weigh a year hence.

The Happy Girls' Club gave Miss Lucile Combs a handkerchief shower at the home of their president, Mrs. Violet Miller Nance. The guests were: Misses Lucile Combs (honoree), Alice Lee Combs, Annie Mae Gates, Inez Gates, Leona Combs, Fannie Thornhill, Linnie Mars, Margaret Buckner, Odie Thornhill, Eva Greer, Eurea Yelverton, Violet Cowart, Barbara McRae. Table games were enjoyed, after which came a surprise game.

The girls were lined up and a ball passed around; at the end of two minutes time was called and the one in possession of the ball was to make a speech. Instead, the president presented her a nice handkerchief. Miss Margaret Buckner was the winner.

Miss Buckner then brought in a lovely hand-made basket filled with handkerchiefs and presented it to Miss Lucile Combs.

A chocolate course was served by Mrs. Nane and Miss Thornhill. All enjoyed the occasion, though we regret to part with Miss Combs, who will be at St. Margaret Hospital, Montgomery, Ala.

We see our superintendent wears a big smile. Business for another year must be looking good.

We are always glad to see Mr. Corley, our general manager. He is a man who likes to see everything moving forward.

Mr. and Mrs. Funderburk and children, Morris and Louise, and Mrs. Phifer motored to Selma Sunday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tomblin.

Mrs. W. T. Hayes has just undergone a serious operation at King Memorial Hospital. Hope she will soon be well and back home with her loved ones.

Little Thomas Osmer has been very sick with a cold for the past week.

Mrs. Gardner is very sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Herman Rutherford.

Mr. Jeff Gardner is getting ready to put out shade trees and flowers. Who will be the flower yard prize winner this year? A flower will grow where a weed will. Let's knock the weeds out this year.

Boys, look out! This is leap year and old maids will now assert their rights.

A School To Be Proud Of.

We have a school to be proud of and the teachers can't be beat. The following list of pupils made the HONOR ROLL:

First Grade—William Waits, Troy Yelverton, Jewel Godwin, Charles Smith, Clifton Lolly, Irene Combs, Louise Wilkerson, Bennie Combs, Minnie Earl Dennis.

Second Grade — Evelyn Nance, Oleen Brooks.

Third Grade—Dannie Grace Osmer, Geneva Yelverton, Mary Ida Osmer.

Fourth Grade—Mack Elmer Yelverton, Ruby Normand, Mary D. Harvey.

Fifth Grade—Annie Mae Gates, Ruth Vines, G. W. Miller, Jr., Max McHaney, Daniel Johnson, Marvin Johnson.

Sixth Grade—Leo Boulter.

BILLY JOE.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Banquet Held By Men Of Poinsett Mills.

A banquet of the overseers, second hands, section men and the general management of Poinsett Mill community was held last Saturday night in the hall over the company store in the interest of good fellowship. The gathering was arranged by Rev. M. L. Doggett, industrial secretary for the Aug. W. Smith mill interests. Women of the community prepared and served the supper.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

The Eunice Bible Class of the First Baptist Sunday school elected Mrs. J. R. Cline as teacher Sunday, to succeed Mrs. B. R. Willeford, who resigned a few weeks ago to move to Charlotte. Mrs. V. Hastings was elected class president, to succeed Mrs. Cline.

Mr. G. G. Page, general superintendent of the Sunday school, and also associational superintendent, announced Sunday that the Kings Mountain Baptist Association was a standard association having 21 standard Sunday schools. He said so far as he knew it was the first association anywhere to attain the standard. The First church here will reach the advanced standard in one or two more Sundays.

My! but we are coming along in other things as well as Sunday schools. We have a "City Directory" just out, and the post office department is calling for free delivery carriers, as the city mail delivery begins March the 1st.

The Men's and Women's Bible Classes of the Central Methodist church, set a banquet Tuesday night, which was well attended in spite of the cold winds. It was held in the Pythian Hall. Several speakers were present among them Rev. W. A. Newell, the presiding Elder, and Dr. H. G. Hardin, the new pastor of Main Street Methodist church, Gastonia. Mr. J. R. Davis acted as toastmaster for the evening and did his part well.

The Epworth League of Grace M. E. church had a New Year's party at the home of Mrs. Irvin Mauney. There was a large number present and all had a real nice evening.

Rev. W. H. Pless carried Mr. W. L. Arwood back to the hospital at Gastonia, Friday. He is the one that came so near getting killed in the Dilling Mill a few weeks ago. He is not getting along as well as he thinks he should, and went back for a few days treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Mauney, Mrs. R. C. Gantt, Mrs. Florence Jenkins and Mrs. Ardie Starnes, visited Mrs. A. D. Gantt at the City hospital, Gastonia, Sunday.

Mr. R. C. Navy and little son, R. C. Jr., of Charlotte, visited his mother and other relatives here during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Roberts of Charlotte, spent Christmas here with his father, Mr. J. R. Roberts, superintendent of the Cora Mill.

Mr. E. K. Kiser, Jr., and Mr. Hunter Neisler, have returned to Philadelphia to resume their studies in the Philadelphia School of Textile Designing. Mr. Kiser is taking the full course, while Mr. Neisler is specializing on Jacquard designing.

Mrs. Mattie Dixon, of the "Old Mill" had as her guests during the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Huss and children, of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dixon, of Belmont, and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Tucker and children, of Colfax, N. C.

Mr. Joe Lee Woodward and Mr. Arthur Hord, who spent the holidays here with home folks, returned this week to Wake Forest College.

Mrs. M. L. C.

Truth Crushed To Earth

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

The preacher's voice, tender and pathetic, faltered. Alf Moore furtively brushed the back of his hand across his cheek. Most of the men sat with heads bowed, and fingered nervously with their knives and forks, or traced the pattern in the dirty oil cloth. There was an audible sob back of the curtains. One or two sneered cynically, and moved their chairs impatiently. The preacher continued impressively, and they listened as if hypnotized.

"I have brought the girl back to her father. She has my promise of friendship and protection against the slander of evil hearts and foul tongues. If it becomes necessary, I'll use my fists in defense of her good name. Yes! Listen to me, men; if you have anything to say, SAY IT RIGHT NOW!"

The preacher bent forward and hurled his challenge in clear ringing tones,—waving an index finger: "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone at her!" There was profound silence. John Ergle smiled as the men twisted uneasily in their seats.

"Thank you," he said. "And men, don't ever fall into such depths of degradation, that you can joke about a woman's virtue. A man who will do this vile thing is meaner than the devil wants him to be,—for, even the devil admires decency."

"Parson, is it Sam Lennox you've been tellin' us about?" asked one, a bit defiantly.

"Sam Lennox Davis,—yes,—and the little motherless girl of this house, who should have in every one of you a defender of her purity."

"But he had a divorce; he showed it to me yesterday! He had a right to marry the girl if she was willing," doggedly. The speaker evidently contemplated a like step and resented any criticism.

"And how did he get that divorce? By lying! By falsely accusing his pure wife and giving her no chance to defend herself! The laws of this state are rotten! The fact, that a Jack-leg lawyer with more brains than principle can and does procure divorce with no regard to truth, honesty and fairness, is undermining the foundations of our government, and paving the way to ruin and disgrace for thousands of innocent women and children.

"No wonder woman clamors for the right to vote! What protection has she under our man-made laws? Only a few days ago I saw a good hard-working woman, broken hearted over the loss of her home—a home that she had paid for mostly herself, by working in a cotton mill. Her beloved husband sold it without her knowledge and gambled the money away.

"Has she any protection? NONE! The laws of this state seem to be 'whatever a man wills';—he may keep up another woman if he wishes, and laugh in devilish

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy

Hearts of Gold

Will Allen—Sinner

The Better Way

A Man Without a Friend

Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.

Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

My Uncle Joe has more stick-to-itiveness than any man I ever saw. He was run into by a Ford about 8 weeks ago, and he sued the fellow who did it for actual and punitive damages, man-slaughter, mal-feasance, driving under the influence of Beef, Iron and Wine, speeding, recklessness, and alimony. The case hung in court for 2 months, but he won a 20-dollar verdict yesterday. The first thing he did was to divide his verdict with the lawyer who defended him, and then he threw his crutches away and took the bandage off his head. Aunt Minervy said Uncle Joe would have gone out two-thirds the time without his illness paraphernalia had it not been for her calling his attention to his oversights.

The undertakers of the country have lost lots of money on the Trans-Atlantic flyers during the past twelve months. Congress ought to pass a law requiring ocean-going folks to buy a coffin and take along with them so's the undertakers could get what they are entitled to.

It is fashionable now-a-days to play insane when you commit a crime so low-down and revolting that the public wants to lynch you when they hear of it. In fact, the practice of hiding behind the opinion of hired alienists is becoming so common, I think crazy folks who commit murder ought to be hanged along with sensible people who do the same thing. It costs about 5 hundred dollars for a sane man to adjudged bug-house.

It doesn't make any difference with me if Coolidge is elected president; I'll have to pay my ever-increasing taxes just the same. If Borah should get the job, the tax on gasoline will remain the same. Hoover won't help me to buy guano any cheaper if he happens to be elevated to the highest office in the land. Cole Blease would not endorse my note if he got the position, and my troubles would not be lessened. In fact, we could do without a president a few years, and so far as the common run of folks are concerned, they'd never know the difference. What this country needs is more parking space.

As teddies get prettier and more fancy, dresses get shorter. The girls are determined to show their few underclothes and physique, knees or no knees, and so far as I am concerned, I don't care what happens. All I hate is... these styles waited until I got nearly 40 years old before they arrived. Any of you folks know where a feller can get a set of high-grade monkey glands?

Notice: The man who stole the jack out of my car night before last while parked in front of the Last Chance rest-room will please call around at my house and get my pump and the jack handle. I will not need them as I have no jack.

Gee McGee.

Well, winter is right upon us at last. You can always tell when winter time has actually ar-

triumph over his wife's humiliation. It's a shame!"

"Sam Lennox Davis had no right to a divorce. What he and all other cattle like him need is the truth from a battering ram right between the eyes; and if they fail to accept it, and persistently refuse to act decently, I'm in favor of drastic persuasion in the way of a good whale bone buggy whip—and 'd like to be the man to use it.

"Sam Lennox Davis has no right to another wife. His first was pure, faithful and true; but, in order to be free from the responsibilities of fatherhood, the dirty, contemptible scoundrel unhesitatingly branded her with shame and disgrace,—she the suffering mother of his children for whom she toils unceasingly, praying for his redemption and return. And the laws of Georgia protect and shield him!

"My God! Where are we drifting to? DOWN, DOWN,—DOWN the stream of Lust to the cesspools of Gratification, to be wrecked and damned eternally,—lost forever in hell!"

The one o'clock whistles blew; there was a hurried scramble from the room, and only two or three lingered to shake hands with the minister. They were only too glad to get away from the X-ray flash of his steel-gray eyes, the stinging lash of his eloquent tongue and the unanswerable logic of his arguments.

John Ergle turned to Mrs. Moore offering her 50 cents for his dinner; she waved it aside:

"No, I reckon I won't take it," she said: "You're the first preacher that has set down to my table in ten years."

"I'd be mighty glad to come again, and I hope you will come to my church and to visit my mother," he said, thanking her.

"Humph! I don't have no time to go nowhere," grumbled the woman turning a stern back upon him and going into the kitchen.

Virginia slipped in as the minister and her father left the room, and Alf Moore turned and stared at her in a puzzled, troubled way as if just aware of the fact that she was no longer a child.

"Parson," he said, as they again seated themselves, "I've not always been as you see me now, and I—er—somehow, you've got me all stirred up to such an extent that all this," waving his arm around indicating the whole establishment, "makes me want to vomit!"

John Ergle laid his hand on Moore's shoulder affectionately, and said earnestly:

"Let me help you to better things."

CHAPTER IV

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers that run to seas."

—DRYDEN.

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

—HANNAH MOORE.

John Ergle talked long and seriously with Alf Moore, and left him in a thoughtful mood. The day was warm, and turning his steps toward the river, the preacher sat down on the snarled roof of a big tree near a bridge which spanned the most treacherous stream in Georgia, as it wound its serpentine way toward the sea.

He bared his head, mopped his perspiring brow, and fanned himself with his hat. Would Alf Moore seek to break the leash of habits that bound him? He had promised to move out—to get Virginia away from the degrading influence of the boarding house; but it was easy to see that the man was dreading his sister's sharp-tongued objections, and John Ergle doubted the man having strength of will to oppose her, when the final test came.

"Oh Lord! why can't people act like sensible human beings and not get things in such a mess?" he groaned. He looked up into the cool branches of the trees, where feathered songsters chirped happily. He noted the beauty and perfection of the grass and wild flowers at his feet. Everything that God created came from His hand PERFECT. There was not a flaw in any flower petal, leaf or blade of grass, unless touched and defiled, or marred by outward forces.

And God made man in His own image, the most perfect of all creation. Sin, with its withering, blighting, damning power, had warped and dwarfed the souls of men till some of them, lost to all good, were seemingly retrograding to the level of beasts.

"And what can I do? Oh God! what can I do, to rescue souls from the clutch of the evil one?" he groaned.

"You can't do anything at all, Parson," spoke a sad voice behind him. The devil has staked his claim on this town, and no mistake. I guess Sodom and Gomorra were no worse than Cosmos, and I look to see the whole thing destroyed. I've about concluded to stop my own little time clock. The old Chattahoochee looks mighty tempting to me."

The preacher had turned and was sizing the little man up as he spoke, and his diagnosis was: "Domestic troubles." He smiled sympathetically and motioned the man to a seat at his side, saying:

"I see you know me, sir. Come and let's get acquainted before you cash in your checks." The man sank down.

"Sure, I know you. My name is Napoleon Banaparte Ransome. Napoleon Bonaparte,—but I've never conquered anything—not even my own self, I guess," sadly.

"I want to live a Christian life, and I'm hedged in by unconquerable and uncontrollable difficulties. Situated as I am, it is impossible."

"There's nothing impossible with God, and His grace is sufficient for every temptation and trial." The preacher answered, his hand on the man's shoulder. The man stood up, slowly, hesitatingly—turned longing eyes to the river, then looked despairingly into the preacher's face:

"Come and see for yourself," he said, and with head bent and shoulders drooping, he led the way across the

rived by the Spring hats and Spring dresses the girls are wearing. They will don their summer togs before Spring ends and along about July and August, when the thermometer begins to butt its head into 90, they will be seen oozing down the street with furs on. Oh, well; what else can we expect, and step-ins selling at only 49 cents a pair.

CLINTON, TENN.

News From The Magnet Knitting Mills.

Officials and department heads are as follows: Mr. Garnett Andrews, of Chattanooga, Pres.; Mr. C. S. Kincaid, vice-president and treasurer; Mr. H. G. Amerine, manager; Mr. W. C. Baker, office manager; Mr. L. D. Crenshaw, auditor; Mr. W. R. Fowler, general superintendent; Mr. M. R. Vann, night superintendent; Mr. — Wagoner, superintendent full fashion department; Mr. S. Sims, finisher; Mr. W. H. Bohannon, dyer; Mr. P. M. Rose, boarding department; Mr. D. C. Richards, power department; Mr. J. E. Hannah, shipping department; Mr. P. H. Peters, paper-box department; Mr. E. M. Kincaid, assistant superintendent in full-fashioned department; Mr. Howard Davis, our faithful night winder man.

Aunt Becky, you ought to hear Mr. Davis tell of the wonderful time he had in Oklahoma, and about the rabbits, fice dogs, and woodpeckers with bills 30 inches long! Such a wonderful country is Oklahoma!

Perhaps we can get Mr. Davis to write it up for us. Reporter.

(We are glad to hear from a knitting mill. We had no idea there were so many departments nor that so many overseers were necessary. Really hosiery manufacturing is getting to be one of the most important of Southern textiles, and we do wish we could get more news from the knitting mills. We would truly like to hear from Mr. Davis about those "woodpeckers" with bills "30 inches long." He probably took Kodak pictures of those Oklahoma "sights," and we suggest that he send us an illustrated account.—Aunt Becky.)

SPINDALE, N. C.

Mr. Smith Recovering. Three Basket Ball Games.

Mr. J. O. Williams, superintendent of the Spencer Mill, and family, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Berry, motored to Spartanburg, S. C., to dinner with the latter's parents and to a theater afterwards, on last Wednesday evening.

We are glad to know that Mr. E. A. Smith is recovering rapidly from a serious accident caused by a car wreck.

January 1st, Mrs. J. E. Berry took charge of Spindale House Library, a position which was recently held by Miss Gladys Griffin.

January 6, three basketball games were played on the Spindale court. "The Girls Town-Team" defeated "The Gilkey Girls," 34-14. "Boys Second Town-Team" was defeated by Gilkey Boys 35-33. "Boys First Team" defeated Boiling Springs High school, 36-29. The house was well filled and the games enjoyed by all present. Inez Keller.

ERLANGER, N. C.

(By Mrs. C. W. Leister.)

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lashley, Mrs. B. M. Lashley and daughter, Miss Alene, and Mr. Robert L. Lashley, of Burlington, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Clayton Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Cunningham and children, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sealey and children and Mrs. Carl Lee Barnes visited in China Grove and Concord Sunday.

Mrs. Lawrence Brooks is very sick at her home on the Winston Road.

Rev. A. S. Raper, Mrs. Ridenhour and Miss Cordia Honeycutt attended a missionary meeting of the Winston-Salem district which was held in Winston-Salem Monday.

Mr. L. O. Bishop spent Tuesday in Rockingham.

James Richey, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Richey, who was hit by a car Saturday, is improving.

Olsen's "Swedes" Defeat Erlanger.

Olsen's "Terrible Swedes" are not yet tired of winning victories in basketball and added two more to run their string of recent victories well near the hundred mark, when they defeated Erlanger B. V. D. Makers in two well played games at Milton Hall January 14th. The afternoon game was taken into camp, 55 to 33, while the nightcap went into the bag by the same margin, the score being 47 to 25.

The event had been well advertised and the patronage was quite responsive to the publicity effort expended. Practically a capacity crowd saw the afternoon game, while last night any kind of room in the hall outside the court itself was at a premium.

Lightning like passing that worked the ball free near the goal, with now and then a circus shot from far up the floor kept the visiting professionals well in the van all the way. But despite the margin of the victories the B. V. D. proved no set-ups in either contest and were in their fighting all the way, at times displaying team work and goal firing of high calibre. In the night game Carl Hanes got away for several pretty shots, while Jimmy Brown did some excellent guarding and passing. Every man on the visiting team did his part with a touch of perfection.

DRAPER, N. C.

Among the newly weds are Miss Fannie Moore and Mr. Thomas Wright, of the Wearwell Sheeting Mill, on December 22nd. They have gone to the groom's home near Roanoke Rapids.

This week we will observe "Thrift Week." Mr. O. L. Slaton, of Draper bank, will address the Girls' Club on "The Habit of Thrift." The Bank of Draper has organized a Christmas Savings Club and accounts may be opened up to February 1st.

Rev. Pat Malone, of Wisconsin, is conducting a protracted meeting in Draper Baptist church and large congregations have attended constantly.

The noted evangelist, "Gypsy" Smith, is holding a meeting in Greensboro, and many of our people have gone to hear him—Messrs. G. C. Truiston and J. C. McFalls being among the number.

Mrs. O. L. Slaton, who has been visiting relatives in Rocky Mount, Va., has returned.

READER.

bridge and into a tenement section. They passed many shabby houses, where cheap but spotlessly white curtains hung at the windows, where flowers bloomed in pots on the porches, or in nicely kept yards, and the preacher noticed the yearning hungry look of the man as his eyes gazed upon these scenes of beauty and evidences of wifely pride.

Presently they came to a pretty, almost new cottage; the windows and premises shrieked defiance at law and order—the most unsightly, God-for-saken looking place the preacher had ever seen.

"If cleanliness is kin to godliness, God certainly won't consent to abide in such a filthy hole as this!" said the man, pausing.

"I think you are right," said the preacher. "Filthiness, laziness, and shiftlessness are abominations to the Lord. I can't imagine His Holy spirit dwelling in such surroundings; but salvation in this home could clean it up."

"Not if a house is divided against itself," replied the man sadly. "See the filthy windows, the shoes and stockings on the porch, the tin cans, broken dishes, stovewood, paper, and trash of every description in the yard. The beds haven't been made up today. The floor is seldom swept. There was not a bite of dinner for me when I came home from the mill tired and hungry. Wife gadding around, dipping snuff, and drinking coca-cola. Not a flower anywhere. Not a thing to show that a woman stays here—and I had so hoped for better things when I moved her into this pretty house. I've got one boy—no more, thank God! and—and—"

Here the man's voice broke and he turned his face away just as a woman, in dirty, loose wrapper, feet bare and hair unkempt, came to the door, a big snuff stick in her mouth, her lips filthy with the nasty stuff.

"That's her!" whispered the man. Just then she spied him, and called out sarcastically and so shrilly that neighbors peeped from nearby windows and doors:

"Well, Bony! What are you pokin' around here for? Why ain't you at work? and who in the name of Sam Hill is that sanctified looking feller with you? Have you stopped work to hold a prayer meetin' somewhere? If so, don't fail to take up a collection!"

Every word was like a stinging lash across the hen-pecked husband's quivering face. The preacher stared at the woman, blinking his eyes, just as if he might have stared at a new species of scorpion, while wondering how to extract the poisonous sting.

"Madam," said the preacher, "Your husband, tired, hungry, discouraged, heartsick and desperate, was contemplating suicide. I was sure he had exaggerated the causes which urged him to commit an act that would land his soul in hell, so I came around to investigate. I see that he was entirely too lenient—he didn't tell half his troubles!"

(Continued Next Week)